

*To Mrs. Carson Crane.*

OF PHELPS, N.Y.

# I LOVE THE OLD

*I love the old, to lean beside  
The antique easy chair.  
And pass my fingers softly o'er  
A wreath of silvered hair.*

*To press my glowing lip upon  
The furrowed brow, and gare  
Within the sunken eye, where dwells  
The light of other days."*

WORDS BY

## L. Virginia Smith.

MUSIC  
BY

# H. KLEBER.

PIANO

GUITAR

25c nett.

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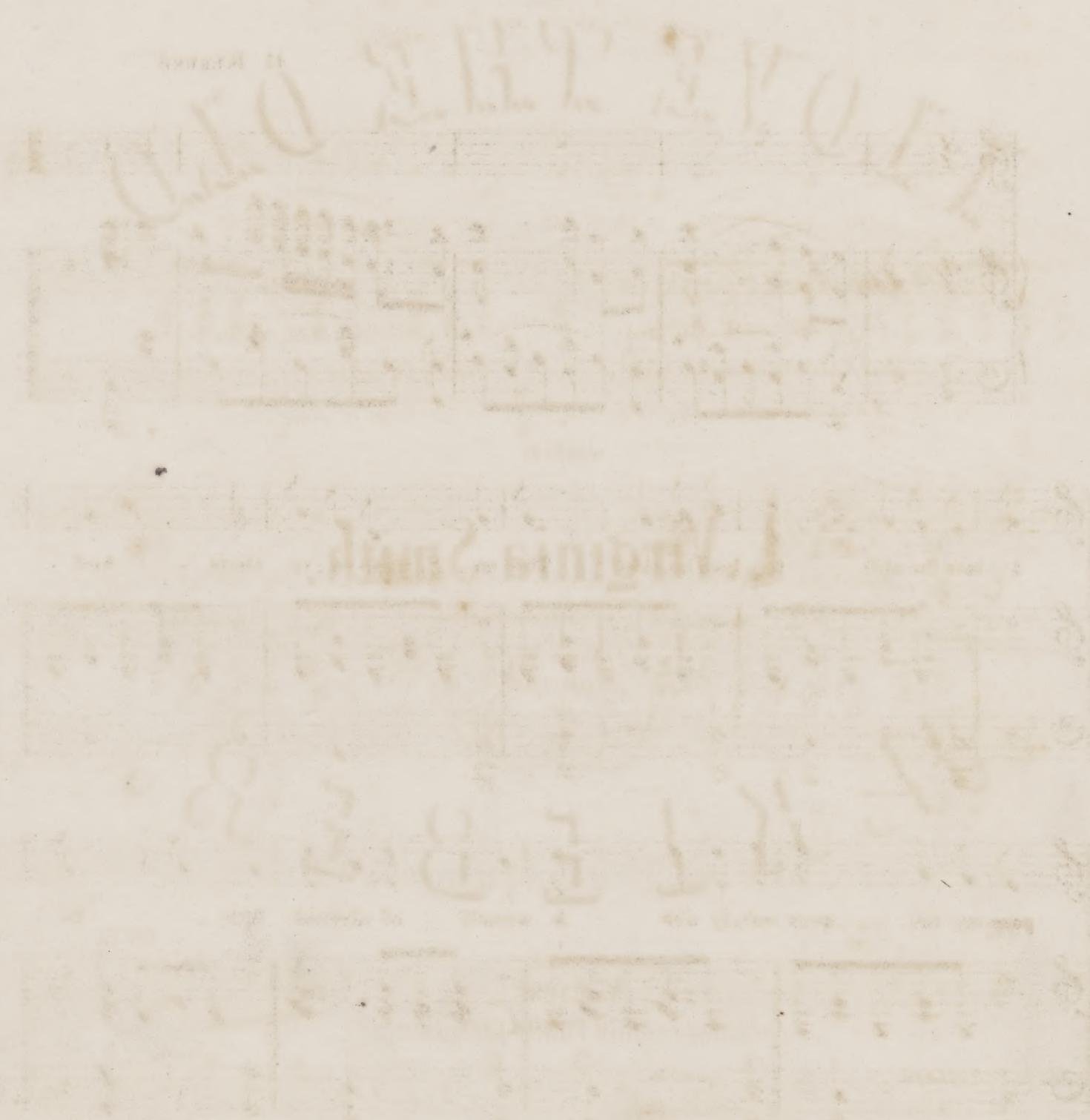
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## I LOVE THE OLD

H KLEBER

I love the old: to lean beside The an - - antique ea - sy chair, And

pass my fin - - - gers soft\_ly o'er A wreath of silvered hair\_ To

A handwritten musical score for voice and piano. The score consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass and treble clefs). The lyrics are written below the vocal line in each system.

**System 1:**

press my glow - - ing lip up - on The fur - - rowed brow and gaze With -

**System 2:**

- in the sunken eye where dwells The "light of oth - - er days" With -

**System 3:**

- in the sunken eye where dwells The "light of oth - - er days"

Poco rit.

**System 4:**

(piano accompaniment only)

5

II. Verse. To fold the pale and feeble hand That on my youthful head, Has  
III. Verse. Oh youth, thou hast so much of joy, So much of life and love, So  
lain so tenderly the while The evening pray'r was said. To  
many hopes—age has but one, The hope of bliss a—above. Turn  
nes-tle down close to my heart, And mar—vel how it held Such  
then a—while from these a—way, To cheer the old and bless The  
tomes of le—gen—da—ry lore, The chronic—les of Eld. Such  
was — ted heart—strings with a stream Of gush—ing ten—der—ness. The  
tomes of le—gen—da—ry lore, The chronic—les of Eld.  
was — ted heart—strings with a stream Of gush—ing ten—der—ness.  
IV. Verse. Thou treadest now a path of bloom And thine ex—ult—ing soul, Springs  
V. Verse. Yes, love the a—ged—bow before The ven—er—e—ble form, So  
proudly on, as tho' it mocked At Time's un—felt con—trol. But  
soon to seek be\_yond the sky A shel—ter from the storm. Aye,  
they have marched a wea—ry way, Up—on a thor—ny road: Then  
love them, let thy si—lent heart, With rev—er—ence un—told, As  
soothe the toil-worn spi—rits ere They pass a—way to God. Then  
pil—grims ve—ry near to heaven, Re—gard and love the old. As  
soothe the—toil worn spi—rits ere They pass a—way to God.  
pil—grims ve—ry near to heaven, Re—gard and love the old.

